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DEVOTED TO RELIGION, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—T. MEREDITH, EDITOR.

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TERMS.

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ANTINOMIANISM.

The following scrap is taken from an old English author. We think it will be read with pleasure. The doctrine of Antinomianism should be better understood among us in this country. We request therefore, careful attention to the views of this old writer.

Several circumstances have concurred to render this system but little noticed. One is, its having been embraced, not so much by the learned, as by the illiterate part of professing Christians. Some of its principles, it is true are common to every unenlightened mind; but considered as a system, it is especially calculated for the vulgar mechanic. On this account it has been treated as beneath the notice of the ablest writers. There is also something so low, foul, and scurrilous in the generality of the advocates of this system, that few have cared to encounter them, lest they should bring upon themselves a torrent of abuse. Though it is far from agreeable to have to do with such adversaries, yet it may be dangerous to neglect their opinions with contempt. The Roman Empire was overturned by a horde of barbarians. An apostle did not think it beneath him to expose the principles of men who *crept in unawares, and turned the grace of God into lasciviousness.*

The distinguishing feature of this species of religion is SELFISHNESS. Such is the doctrine, and such the spirit which it inspires. The love of God as God, or an affection to the Divine character as holy, is not in it. Love as exemplified in the scriptures, though it can never be willing to be lost, (for that were contrary to its nature) when ever tends to a union with its object) yet bears an invariable regard to the holy name or character of God. *How excellent is thy NAME above all the earth!—O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exult in thy NAME together. Let them that love thy NAME say continually, The Lord is glorified.—Blessed be his glorious NAME forever and ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen.* But love as exemplified in the patrons of this system, is mere selfishness. God having, as they conceive, made him his favorite, he becomes on that account, and that only, a favorite with them. Nor does he appear to have any thing to do with good-will men as men. The religion of the apostles is full of benevolence. Knowing the terrors of the Lord, they persuaded men and even brought them to be reconciled to God. They had no hope of sinners complying with these persuasions of their own accord, any more than the prophet had in his address to the dry bones of the house of Israel; nor of one more being saved than they who were called according to the divine purpose; but they considered election as the rule of God's conduct—not theirs. They preached and preached Christ to sinners as freely as if no such doctrine had existed. *These things are written, said they, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, and that believing ye might have life through his name.* Jesus went over the most wicked city in the world; and Paul, after all that he had said of the doctrine of election in the ninth chapter of his epistle to the Romans, protested that his heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel was that they might be saved.—*He did not pray for them as reprobates, but as fellow sinners, and whose salvation, while they were in the land of the living, wasto him an object of hope.* In his treatment of the most decided enemies of the truth, though he sometimes rebuked them sharply, and used an authority which was committed to him as an extraordinary character; yet there is no malignant bitterness, or low abuse, in his language. But the religion of which I speak is, in all these respects, the very opposite.

It beseeches not the unconverted to be reconciled to God, because it is God only who can turn their hearts. It refuses to pray for their salvation, as not knowing whether it would not be praying for the salvation of the non-elect. It has no tears to shed over the perishing world; but consigns men to perdition with unfeeling calmness, and often with glee. And as to its adversaries, it preserves no measures of decency with them; personal invective, low scurrility, and foul abuse are the weapons of its warfare. Tell any of its advocates of their unchristian spirit towards all who are not of themselves, and you may expect to be answered in some such terms as these—*I wish they were in hell: every one should be in his own place, and the sooner the better!*

Nor is it less a stranger to the love of Christians as Christians. The religion of the New Testament makes much of this. It is that by which men were known to have passed from death to life; for the love of him that begat and of those who were begotten of him, were inseparable. But the love which this species of religion inspires is mere party-attachment, the regard of publicans and heathens, any of whom could love those that loved them. If any man oppose their opinions, whatever be his character for sobriety, righteousness, and godliness, he is without hesitation pronounced graceless, a stranger to the new-birth, and an enemy of Christ.—Even an agreement in principles, among the patrons of this religion, provided there be any competition in their worldly interests, produces not union, but rivalry; and every low method is practised to supplant each other in the esteem of

the people. In various other systems, though you have to dig through the whole strata of error and superstition, yet you will occasionally discover a vein of serious and humble piety; but here all is naught. (I speak of the system as carried to perfection, and which in the present day it is to be hoped it is.) Here nothing is to be met with that resembles love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, or temperance; on the contrary, the fruits of this spirit are selfishness, pride, spleen, and bitterness; which, like the bowels of Vesuvius, are ever collecting or issuing in streams of death.

The origin of this species of religion in individuals, will commonly, I fear, be found in a radical defect in their supposed conversion. True scriptural conversion consists in *repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.* But in many of the conversions, there is no appearance of one or the other. With regard to repentance, the system goes in a great measure to preclude it. The manner in which it represents and dwells upon the fall of Adam, as so nearly to remove all accountability from his posterity, together with its denial, in effect, of the divine authority over the heart, leaves no room for repentance, unless it be for a few gross immorities. The sins of not loving God and neglecting his great salvation, are entirely kept out of sight. Hence, though you may sometimes see in such conversions great terror of mind, and great joy succeeding to it; yet you will rarely perceive in the party, from first to last, any thing like ingenuous grief for having dishonored God.

As repentance toward God has little if any place in such conversions, the same may be said of faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. The true believer in his first looking to the Saviour for life, stands upon no higher ground than that of a sinner ready to perish. Whatever evidence he may have afterwards of his being one of God's chosen people, he can have none at that time; nor is it in this character that he applies for mercy. The Gospel is that which first comforts him, or Christ's having come into the world to save the chief sinners. But the conversions in question commonly originate in some supposed revelation to the party, that he is of the number of God's elect, that Christ had died for him, and that of course he shall be for ever happy. Considering this as coming from God, he believes it, and from thence reckons himself possessed of the faith of God's elect. Afterwards he is troubled by the dictates of conscience, with suspicions of self-deception, he calls these temptations, or the workings of unbelief, and supposes that the enemy of souls wants to rob him of his enjoyments. Neither his faith, nor his unbelief, has any reference to truth; his whole concern is about his own safety.

DECLINE OF INFIDELITY.

We learn from authentic sources, that the adherents of Abner Kneeland, that unhappy old man—so much declined in number within a few months past. Some signal instances of manifest conversion of heart among those who were formerly led away by the errors of that wicked one, have come to our knowledge. One is so remarkable, that we cannot forbear relating it to our readers. The subject of it is a young man, engaged in a public establishment, and in the employ of a pious individual. His former efforts to introduce his baneful doctrines into the establishment, were a source of great annoyance to his employer. He embraced every opportunity to expose to visitors his utter contempt of all the sacred things of the gospel. His bold blasphemies, and his scornful sneers, were alike shocking to decency and religion. The vile print which weekly disseminates its moral poison through our community, he contrived as frequently as possible to bring under the notice of the visitors of the establishment, though his employer as vigilantly sought to destroy it, whenever introduced there. Withal, he was given to occasional fits of intemperance in which his treatment to his family rendered him a terror where he ought to have been a comfort and support. His great usefulness in the establishment, alone reconciled his employer to the utterance of his wicked principles, and his vicious conduct. To manifest his contempt for the ordinances of religion, and his open defiance of the God of the Bible, he laid a wager with his profane companions that he would attend a Methodist prayer-meeting in his neighborhood, and go forward to be prayed for. And, now mark how God brings good out of evil. He went—and his hardness carried him through the accomplishment of his wicked purpose. But perhaps his conscience was not so much at ease as his demeanor indicated; perhaps the rude impertinence of his blasphemy startled even his own proud heart, and awakened his attention to the things which he was endeavoring to ridicule;—perhaps his character and purposes were known to "the sons of God who came to present themselves before the Lord," so that they adapted their supplications to the dreadful enormity of his sins. Whatever may have been the immediate influence by which he was moved, certain it is that the Spirit of God strove with him, and subdued the stubborn rebellion of his heart. Conscience arose in its offended and outraged majesty; and like Esau, when he had lost his birthright, he "lifted up a great and bitter cry." He went forth from the house of prayer, his spirit bowed within him, and his very frame sympathizing in its strong commotion. He here found peace in believing. The influence of his change wrought upon her with whose happiness his principles had hardly less to do than with his own; and they are now both on probation as candidates for full communion in the denomination by whose pious instrumentality the husband was first called to the knowledge of the truth.

Oh! what a blessed change has that house witnessed. Intemperance is expelled from its doors;—the voice of the blasphemer is no longer echoed by its walls;—distrust and heart-burning have ceased from the breasts of its regenerate occupants;—the family altar is reared;—the Bible has found a shrine for its reception;—the song of praise is heard in its precincts;—confidence and affection, strengthened and elevated by Christian love, have rendered the marriage tie a bond of peace and happiness; and the scene of its enjoyment the home of all

that is delightful and all that is sacred on earth. *Ch. Witness.*

Abridged from the New Orleans Observer. THE DYING CHRISTIAN CHILD.

On a Lord's day at the interval of public worship, Mr. and Mrs. D. requested the pastor to visit them, adding—"Our little daughter wishes you to come and talk with her, for she thinks that she will not live long." Though the pastor felt a sense of self-reproach that he had not before visited the interesting family and pious child, he inquired and found that she talked much of the ministers, read much in the Bible, in tracts, and Sabbath-school books, and delighted in the conversation and prayers of Christians. He promised soon to visit them, and in a few days afterwards entered the dwelling of little Jane D. After one of those cordial welcomes that tell to the heart far more than eloquence of words, and the preacher was seated near the couch of the sick child, the mother remarked, "She was afraid you would not come to see her, because you have so many to visit and so much to do."—"Mr. D." said the little girl, "I knew Mr. A. would pray for me when you told me how he remembered me in his prayer last Sunday; but I thought he might be too busy in his other works to come and see a little child—but he has come, and I hope he will pray with us all, and tell us how we may serve the Lord, so that when I die you and pa will not be sorry. I am glad he has come to-day, for I have sent by brother to Miss S. to come and see me to-day, and bring with her all my little school-mates. Won't it be right, ma, for Mr. A. to talk to them and pray with them?" "Yes, my dear," said her mother, "but you talk too much; it weakens you, and you had better hear Mr. A." "O! I will, ma, but I do want him to talk a great deal, and tell the school children how Jesus loved little children and took them in his arms, and laid his hands upon them and blessed them." Her manner was animated, though she was exceedingly weak; the feelings of the minister were too tender to talk much and Jane was left to rest, while the family and Mr. A. retired to another apartment to dine. Here Mr. A. learned that Jane was about 7 years old—that for more than a year she had manifested a deep interest in the things of religion, and a great fondness for prayer.

She possessed a juvenile library of many volumes, consisting mostly of the publications of the Tract and Sunday-school Societies. These with her Bible, were her companions, counselors and friends in sickness and solitude, for much of the time her parents were necessarily absent, attending to the duties of the farm and of the household.

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Soon afterwards, Miss S. her teacher, and her school of small children arrived, according to Jane's invitation.—Their conversation it would be vain to attempt to relate; though it would be pleasing to do so, could the writer convey to paper its simplicity and pathos, and the feeling it produced in his mind. Jane told them she should soon die—that she wished to see them, and tell them to love the Saviour—to pray to him to give them a new heart, for all their hearts were bad. "You have not a bad heart, have you Jane?" said a little girl in the company. "O yes," said Jane, "a very bad heart; but I hope the Lord has pardoned my sins, and given me a new heart; for now I love God and am not afraid to die."

Her books and various articles of dress, which she designated, were brought to her. To each of the scholars she gave some present as a token of her affection,—urging them to seek the Lord while he may be found. She asked Mr. A. to talk with them also; but for a time he could not for his heart was too full. He again bowed down with them all in prayer, feeling that it was good to be there. To Miss S. Jane said, "Do, Miss S. seek the Lord! I have prayed for you a great deal, and will pray still more." Miss S. wept, kissed her pale cheek, and with her pupils, took her last leave of her little friend.—Mr. A. too soon after bade the little precious child adieu.

But he saw Jane no more till death had released her from the cares and pains of time.—His next visit to the house of Mr. D. was to pay the last sad duties to the remains of the departed child. At the funeral he learned that as she sunk in strength, she seemed to rise in faith and hope. And that her end was peace.

These facts the preacher still loves to call to remembrance, for the writer is the same Mr. A.

From the Baptist School Visitor. A GRATIFIED SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

Delightful emotions must be excited in the bosom of the conscientious faithful Sunday School

teacher, when his class is grouped around him, and he recalls to his mind the change that he may have taken place in the circumstances of the different members of it. We may perhaps, be able to hear one giving intelligible and ready answers to his questions respecting God and heaven, who previously to his introduction to the Sunday School, may have been wholly unacquainted with the author of his being, exposed too to the danger of being the victim of ignorance all his days. He may indeed hitherto have heard of God—but only in blasphemous imprecation of his holy name, blasphemies in which himself had learned, too soon, freely to join. Now he is taught not to take his name in vain, and is heard reverently praying to him, saying in the words of the Saviour, "Our Father, who art in heaven!" Again, another one may be singled out who was well nigh being ruined by parental indulgence, and had become petulant, self-willed and almost ungovernable. Now gentle as a lamb, he delights in his Sunday School exercises, loves his teacher, is docile, obedient and amiable in his disposition, proving by his improved conduct even a home, what a beneficial influence has been exercised upon him in the Sunday School.

Instances of such changes, the history of almost every well regulated and properly conducted Sunday School might record.

But greater happiness than is experienced from witnessing such results, is enjoyed by many who are engaged in this blessed system of instruction.

These schools are not few in which there are scholars who kneel side by side with their beloved teacher, to receive at the altar of the Church, the memorials of a Saviour's love, in the holy supper which himself has instituted as a means by which we may by faith, hold communion with him to the end of our life. A parent no doubt is gratified when he can have his children assembled at his table partaking of their daily bread.—But even his is a joy by no means so thrilling as that which reaches the heart of the devoted Sunday School teacher, when those whom he has been endeavoring to instruct in the great salvation, are beheld in token of the interest they do take in it, pressing forward, to "gather from their Father's board, the bread that lives beyond the tomb."

But we conceive, richer bliss even than this sometimes is the portion, in this world, of him who, in the Sunday-school, faithfully feeds the Saviour's lambs. It is when he witnesses one of his scholars grown up to manhood, and duly constituted a pastor of one of the flocks of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Such gratification it was the privilege of one of our teachers recently to enjoy. She had for some time prosecuted her labor of love in one of the villages in west-prairie and steadiness belonged to her class.—After a while she removed to the city of P., and there engaged in the same noble work to which she had devoted herself in the distant west. But the bread which she there had cast upon the waters, it was her happiness here to see, in part at least, returned to her. Having completed their course of studies at the General Theological Seminary, the young men had repaired to their respective dioceses to make their public, the vow, which in their hearts they had already, it is presumed, often made, and to receive the imposition of consecrated hands, that they might go forth the duly authorized heralds of the Cross. It had been announced that an ordination was to be held in one of the churches of the city of P. She who was so sincerely engaged in teaching others as well as she could, the way of life, we may be sure would be anxious to see those to whom the care of souls was now officially to be committed, receive their solemn and momentous trust.

The man of God, the patriarch who in his Episcopal character for nearly a half a century has been preserved to the church, the hair of his head now like the pure wool, but yet his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated, had taken his station within the holy place, and the young man was presented—it was her own Sunday scholar, who in the far west had so often recited to her his catechism, knelt by her side during sacred prayer, had been instructed by her in the things which belonged to his everlasting peace. It was our privilege lately to meet this teacher, in one of our tours, endeavoring to raise funds for the general Sunday-School Union, and we well remember how her eyes sparkled, when in a conversation upon the subject of Sunday-Schools, she observed to us, "I once saw one of my scholars ordained." The scholar is now an active and efficient missionary; and God grant she may see him going on here from strength to strength in his Master's cause, winning souls to him with every day's sun that he is permitted to enjoy, and hereafter may she herself, shining as the firmament, behold him adorned with that starry crown which is to be the reward of him who turns many to righteousness.

DELINEATION OF PREJUDICE.

The following forcible and beautiful delineation of prejudice is ascribed to the celebrated Dr. Price:

"Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October. A man goes forth to an eminence and he sees at the summit of a neighboring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature—for such the imperfect medium thro' which he is viewed would make him appear. He goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances toward him. The size lessens as they approach. They draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly diminished; and at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a monster proves to be his own brother."

From the Baptist Magazine.

BURMAN.

JOURNAL OF MR. CUTLER'S TOUR UP THE ATTARAN.

Since Mr. Cutler's return to Maulmein, near the close of 1834, part of his time has been employed in the study of Burman, and in occasional itineraries in the neighborhoods of Maulmein

and Aherst. The following is his journal of a tour up the Attaran, a river never ascended before by missionary.

Apr 3, 1835. Left Maulmein for a tour up the Attaran, for the purpose of distributing tracts, and engaging the assistants in making known the gospel. I believe no foreign missionary has ever before up this river before, and I humbly hope soon good may be accomplished, through the means which may be used. I take with me three assistants, beside two other men, to help man the boat. One of the assistants is Ko Myat Kyaw, faithful old deacon of the Maulmein church, who speaks and reads Burman, Taling, and Karen, and another deacon, Ko Man-poke, who speaks and reads both Burman and Taling.

Have concluded not to stop at any of the villages going up, excepting when the tide is against us.

At half past 5, reached the village of Nante, composed of two hamlets divided by a creek.—Stopped at the west side, containing about a dozen houses. Gave away several tracts, but only four were retained.

Previous to going ashore, I told the assistants we were now engaged in the Lord's work, and without his blessing all our endeavors to do good would be in vain;—that whenever we attempted to speak to the people, or give a tract, we should offer an ejaculation that the Holy Spirit might accompany it to the heart. Deacon Myat-Kyaw then led in prayer, beseeching God to go with us in our journey.

4. The river, for many miles this morning, was very crooked, but the scenery delightful.—On the right, a number of small mountains rise up perpendicularly out of the plain, to the height of several hundred feet.

At 12, the tide being out, came to anchor, and the men went on shore, to cook our rice.—After eating, we sat round on the bank, and I read the 115th and 116th Psalms, and made a few remarks from the words,—"Our God is merciful." We then united in prayer and singing, and had truly a refreshing season, and none seemed to enjoy it more than the two old deacons.

At 5 o'clock, resumed our journey. The air is fine, and the sun just peeping through the clouds, reflecting his brilliant rays on the cragged cliffs of the mountains before us, renders the scene beautiful. The native Christians appear to enjoy it, and while busily rowing the boat, are singing a hymn to the glory of God, and in praise to the Saviour.

Stopped for the night near no village. Reached the 15th and 16th Psalms, and commended ourselves to God in prayer.

by Karens.

5. Sabbath. After reading a Psalm, and returning thanks to God for his kind watch over us during the night, and supplicating his blessing to rest upon us during the duties of the day, we started, with the tide, at half past 6, and arrived at the village of Wen-raw at half past 8.—Went up with a tact, but found the people strongly opposed, and unwilling to take a single tract, or to hear any thing said upon the great errand upon which we came. They said, "our religion is good for us, yours for you." The chief said his was the religion of his forefathers, and if he must be eternally lost because he did not worship the eternal God—he must endure it.

After breakfast, had worship as usual. The two deacons & Ko Shan then set out for a village of Karens, 4 or 5 miles distant from this. In the evening I went up into the village again, in the hope of being better received than in the morning, and was not disappointed. The first house at which I stopped, a mat was spread for me, and half a dozen or more gathered round, and I read and talked with them about an hour and a half. I returned to the boat, and offered up a petition that God would awaken a spirit of inquiry among these poor heathen, and save their immortal souls.

7. After an early breakfast yesterday, I set out to join the assistants at the Karen village, accompanied by one of the men belonging to the boat. On the way, met six men from the vicinity of Amherst, and told them about Jesus Christ. Reached the village about half past 8. Met the Sawkey at the entrance of the first cluster of houses, who said the disciples slept at his house and preached about an eternal God. Shortly after met the assistants, and with them went on westerly, for the purpose of visiting two or three other clusters. The houses in this first cluster are large and neat, surrounded by neat compounds and gardens, and the inhabitants appeared extremely sociable and friendly. They listened to the preaching of the assistants, on their arrival here yesterday, with attention.

Leaving this and passing through a grove, we found ourselves entering a large plain, with a small stream running through the middle.—On the opposite side is a village, with a monastery and pagoda. As the assistants preached here yesterday, we passed by it, and entering a small forest, met a man from the next village. I stopped and inquired of him, if he had heard of the eternal God—to which he replied, No. After asking him a few more questions, to excite his attention, we all sat down, excepting Dea. Myat-Kyaw, who preached Jesus Christ to him in a faithful and interesting manner for about 20 minutes, when we left him, with an ejaculation, that the truths might be set home upon his heart.

On arriving at the village, we found a pagoda and a large zayat, which we entered and found occupied by two elderly men with the appellation of teachers, who had once before heard the gospel. Dea Myat-Kyaw went round and collected about a dozen, who assembled in the zayat.—Here they separated into three parties, and seated themselves in different parts of the room; and we all went to work, reading and talking in Burman, Taling, and Karen, for the space of an hour.